

M^r Loveden -
With the Author's most respectful Compl^t

POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY

11
MRS. GOOCH. *ES.*



LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. BELL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES,
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MDCCXCH.



DEDICATION.

TO THAT GENEROUS PUBLIC
WHICH HAS HITHERTO
SO LIBERALLY PATRONIZED
MY FEEBLE PRODUCTIONS,

THESE TRIFLES

ARE DEDICATED,
WITH THE MOST
PROFOUND RESPECT,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

MAY 1, 1793.

DEDICATORY SONNET.

TIR'D of false friends, and all the world's vague joys,
Which, for a time, the hurried mind beguile,
I bid adieu to each intrusive noise,
And dare to court the patronizing smile.

For, as the sun with equal ray illumines
The mournful cypress and the blooming rose;
Gives fresh luxuriance to the choice perfumes,
Yet scorns not on the primrose to repose ;

So shall Benignity each grief surround,
Repress the sigh, and check the struggling tear,
Revive the springs of life, and heal the wound
Of Love betray'd, and Friendship insincere !

Could I but paint my Muse in rich attire,
And eloquently all my griefs impart,
Invoke the aid of true poetic fire,
And in sweet numbers fascinate the heart !—
But, ah ! no talents pave my road to Fame—
Let PUBLIC CANDOUR raise my fallen name !

POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

ON

STUDLEY, IN YORKSHIRE,

THE SEAT OF THE LATE WILLIAM AISLABIE, ESQ.

STUDLEY ! while Memory holds her seat,
And the last pulse of life shall beat
 Within my widow'd breast,
Thy shades, e'er present to my view,
Shall ev'ry heart-felt pang renew,
 And rob my soul of rest !

The thoughts of thee those days retrace,
When youth with smiles bedeck'd my face—
 When, innocently gay,
I stray'd thy verdant lawns among,
And listen'd to the woodlark's song,
 And ring-dove's piercing lay.

'Twas there, alas! my infant mind,
To love and tenderness inclin'd,
First taught me how to feel
That deep, that agonizing wound
For which no palliative is found,
But Death alone can heal.

Long have I drank of Sorrow's wave,
And early wish'd an early grave,
These ills no more t' endure:
One solitary hope remains
To mitigate my present pains,
That Grief, though slow, is sure!

WRITTEN
IN ILL HEALTH.

NATURE's most perfect work will fail
When Sickness and Disease assail.
Whether brought on by Sorrow's stings,
Or borne on Constitution's wings,
The fabric soon will be o'erthrown,
If by Oppression's weight borne down.

With fearless, with undaunted eye,
I see approach MORTALITY!
Not half so hideous to my view
As Retrospect's too sad review.
When I survey those pleasures past,
Of which I early saw the last,
And think upon my wretched fate,
My sad, forlorn, my cruel state—
When Truth still dictates to my mind,
That all I lov'd has prov'd unkind—
Disease alone can make me blest,
It brings me to a place of rest.

Come, then (sad remedy !), come, Grief,
Thou messenger of quick relief,
And take me from this world of woe,
Where ev'ry Friend has prov'd a Foe!

The shrowd once wound about my head,
Will no one mourn for VILLA dead ?
Will no one think (alas, too late !)
She had deserv'd a better fate ?
Will no one drop the pitying tear,
And each unkind reproach forbear ?
Alas ! if such a one there be,
Why was he never known to me ?

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE

HON. WILLIAM MONSON.

WRITTEN PREVIOUS TO HIS DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

W_AFT him, ye breezes, to that distant land,
Where Britons rul'd with an oppressive hand!
Let MONSON's gentler manners mark the way
Where sweet Humanity upholds her sway ;
So shall the Bramins of Indostan's plains
See British worth unloose the tyrant's chains.

Long mayst thou live 'midst ev'ry varied clime,
To cheat the furrows of revolving time ;
With filial joy a Mother's fears remove,
And taste again the sweet delights of Love!
For tho' thy brow the victor's wreaths adorn
(Thy soul expanding like the op'ning morn),
Yet MONSON knows each social joy to prize,
And mad Ambition's chequer'd ways despise.

Hail, much lov'd Friend ! where'er thou bend'st thy way
May fair Contentment usher in each day !
May guardian angels on thy steps attend,
And ev'ry friend to virtue be thy friend !

TO
A FRIEND.

To lose my visionary life
Has been my dearest wish of late ;
Tir'd of the world's eternal strife,
I bow beneath the storms of Fate.

Condemn'd to misery and pain,
Long have I wander'd, long suppress'd
The chilling marks of cold disdain
From those in whom I once was blest !

But, ah ! the rankling wound can ne'er
Within my bosom's core be heal'd ;
Those pangs are always most severe
That in the heart remain conceal'd.

Retirement's haunts at length invite
To promis'd scenes of future peace ;
There, if I cannot hope delight,
Oppressive tumults yet may cease.

Ah! strive not then by tender care
To lure me from my fix'd abode,
On Earth my fate is fell despair—
In Heav'n—my Judge will be my God!

INSCRIBED

TO THE MEMORY OF THE

HON. LIEUT. GEN. MONCKTON.

LAMENTED MONCKTON! has thy king,
Thy country, too, so soon forgot thy worth,
That no recording marble bears
A lasting tribute to thy name,
Thy glorious deeds, thy spotless fame,
Thy gen'rous heart, thy noble birth?
Sad Muse, a requiem sing,
And bathe his ashes with thy tears;
The stream of sorrow must be dried,
If no memorial tells when Britain's Hero died!

Illustrious Warrior! on that day
When WOLFE, sublime in anguish, fell—
(Who, wounded, half-expiring, smil'd,
And Death's relentless pangs beguil'd)
Thy equal valour Fame can tell!—
Disdain'd by thee, thy own sad wound
Impress'd with horror all around,
Affrighted Nature shrunk, and paus'd with dire dismay.

The Savage Chief, till then by tears unmov'd,
Wept o'er the virtues that he lov'd.
The potent foe, whose pow'rful dart
Had aim'd, and levell'd at his heart,
Now gaz'd, transfix'd with grief ;—
The din of arms—each martial sound
Was lost, while Pity hover'd round ;
Suspended stood the bloody deeds of strife,
While Mercy pleaded for her MONCKTON's life,
And Heav'n was importun'd with pray'rs for his relief.

And shall not *one memento* spread
His fame beyond the grave ;
Beyond the confines of the dead
His honour'd name to save?—
No pious Friend—no Relative appears !
His virtues with himself in silence sleep ;
No sculptur'd monument his story bears,
And those, whom most he lov'd—can now forget to weep.

SONNET.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY THE SEA-SIDE.

WHEN ev'ry eye is lull'd to balmy sleep,
And Nature brings to common ills relief,
I steal unnotic'd to the craggy steep,
Think on my sorrows, and indulge my grief.

From the high cliff I mark each gushing wave
That madly breaks among the rocks below;
And oft am tempted by Despair to brave,
With hasty plunge, the "element of woe."

Officious Hope arrests my tortur'd mind,
Too long the victim of Suspense and Pain;
Full oft to hear its dictates I've inclin'd,
But years have prov'd the flatt'ring promise vain.

—I gaze with horror on the boundless main;—
My coward heart shrinks back—and trusts to Hope again.

FOUNTAINES ABBEY.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF
DOCTOR THOMAS CRAWFORD.

OFt, while the happy idly sleep,
My heavy eyes, enur'd to weep,
Court Fancy's visions to unbind
The chains that load my wearied mind ;
And by her potent, magic aid,
I view the solitary shade
Of this lov'd Abbey's mould'ring seat,
Where pious Monks once fix'd retreat.

On the stone coffins long I gaze,
Wrapt up in horror and amaze!
The whistling wind's terrific sound
Mourns o'er the consecrated ground ;
None but the screeching night-owl roves
Among these unfrequented groves ;
And none but busy Echo bears
Witness to my bursting tears !

The breaking clouds unveil the day ;
I start, and tremble with dismay ;
And, by a feeble gleam of light,
I wander through these realms of Night.

—Yet what avails the light or air?
All is a chaos of despair,
That adds new torture to my brain,
Where Phrensy only conquers Pain!

Here Memory precludes relief
From deep regret, and lasting grief;
And bids each painful thought attend
On *first, and long-departed friend*,
Who, in the shades of this retreat,
First taught my youthful heart to beat,
Whose loss I cease not to deplore
Till my sad days are counted o'er.

Ah, sainted CRAWFORD! couldst thou see
The Friend that ever mourns for thee;
Couldst thou revisit this lov'd grove,
Repeating vows of former love;
Couldst thou in guardian shape preside,
And all my future actions guide;
The stream of Grief would cease to flow,
And Joy succeed an age of Woe!

ON THE
FUNERAL OBSEQUIES
OF
LADY VISCOUNTESS GALWAY.

'Tis not the pompous view of costly state
That speaks those pangs the best affections feel ;
Nor is it resignation to our fate,
For, ah ! such wounds 'tis time alone can heal.

To catch th' astonish'd, vulgar, empty stare,
Ev'n Death itself is deck'd in gorgeous hue—
Escutcheons, dress'd magnificent to view ;
But true Affection needs no sumptuous glare.

Let not the world with envious rancour burn,
Nor think that wordly pride here bore a part ;
The first, best pride, that sanctified *her* urn,
Was the effusions of her MONCKTON's heart.

SONNET.
TO IMAGINATION.

O_H! come, Imagination! lend thy aid
To clear my path of Sorrow's pointed thorn;
Where Hope's fair blossoms soon began to fade,
And darksome clouds obscur'd the face of morn.

Say, canst thou teach me to forget my grief,
And lull to rest the cries of fell Despair?
Say, canst thou tell me where to find relief,
And smooth with airy visions rugged Care?—

Ah! no—thy fleeting joys are quickly past,
And Grief returns with doubled force, to prove
That when the die of Misery is cast,
There is no cure its evils to remove.
Adieu, then, Flatt'rer—let me patient bear
The heart's sad wound, the unavailing tear!

INSCRIBED TO
SIR CHARLES WARWICK BAMPFYLDE, BART.

BAMPFYLDE, thy noble, gen'rous heart,
Above the paltry tricks of art,
Ne'er gave another's pain ;
True to those friends whom once you priz'd,
Each other int'rest you despis'd,
That Friendship to maintain.

In WRAXALL'S* dome, each happy guest
Became the partner of your breast,
And Pleasure gaily smil'd ;
The jovial chase, at early dawn,
The huntsman's cries, the bugle horn,
The matin hours beguil'd.

In WRAXALL'S dome the poor man's pray'rs,
The widow's wants, the orphan's tears,
Ne'er urg'd their suit in vain ;
The wealthy courtier, needy poor,
Alike were welcome at thy door,
Where Bounty conquer'd Pain !

* Sir Charles's Seat in Somersetshire.

But, ah! when Fortune turn'd the scale,
How did the sons of Want bewail
Their ev'ry hope lain dead;
Their former miseries restor'd,
All with one common voice deplor'd
Their Friend—their Patron—fled!

And those who in your fortune shar'd,
The present with the past compar'd,
And spurn'd you from their heart;
Not one domestic joy was found
To staunch the deep and bleeding wound
Inflicted by their art.

Yet think not, BAMPFYLDE, that the pray'r
Of age, embitter'd by despair,
In Heav'n no grace shall find;
There shall thy merits all be weigh'd,
There shall thy goodness be repaid
By Mercy—like thy mind!

ON THE DEATH OF
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE Muse, selecting from her dewy stores
The choicest drops of Sorrow's sacred springs,
The tender, melancholy tribute brings,
And her lost REYNOLDS mournfully deplores.

No private friendship prompts her swelling grief;
No fond effusions of a love sincere;—
No soul-impassion'd woe, that claims relief
From the quick med'cine of a balmy tear.

My humble brow no Poet's laurels crown;
To the proud arts I never can aspire;
Far, far remov'd from Envy or Renown,
I gaze at humble distance, and—admire!

Yet let not Science, weeping at his doom,
Indignant turn—if, thrown upon his grave,
Among the never-fading wreaths that bloom,
This simple flow'r one spot of earth shall crave.

THE
SHIPWRECK.

THE Moon's pale colours gild the tranquil deep,
Inviting to repose each sea-worn guest ;
The birds find refuge in the craggy steep,
And wearied Nature sinks at length to rest.

The home-bound passenger in dreams foretells
The tidings that await his safe return ;
Nor dreads the midnight hag's disastrous spells,
Foreseeing shipwrecks, and the letter'd urn.

His heart anticipates the gladden'd day,
When, once more landed on Britannia's shore,
He takes of foaming waves the last survey,
And vows to trust the faithless seas no more.

No love of gain his rash resolves had fir'd,
No mean desire by sordid Av'rice led ;
His heart had once to mutual love aspir'd,
And 'twas from base Ingratitude he fled.

Unable to support the deadly wound
That perjur'd faith and broken vows had giv'n,
To India's climes his wayward course he bound,
And plac'd his future confidence—in Heav'n.

But India's clime no healing balm bestow'd,
No Lethean drop to wash away the tear ;
The measure of his sorrows had o'erflow'd,
And Love betray'd—was all he could not bear.

His anxious soul, oppress'd with dire dismay,
Longs, and yet dreads, the false one's fate to know ;
To Albion's shores again he bends his way,
To learn her happiness or share her woe.

Reflection, crowding his distemper'd brain,
In various shapes anticipates the hour
Too much for mortal reas'ning to sustain,
By those who know the heart's oppressive pow'r.

In dreams and thoughts like these he wastes his prime ;
The home-bound vessel cuts the azure main ;
The swelling sails, deluding space and time,
Announce his sanguine wishes are not vain.

Unhappy Youth! is Fortune then so blind,
To frown on worth and talents such as thine?
Is she to favour Vice alone inclin'd?
Must Virtue ever perish at her shrine?

The boatswain's shout proclaims the sight of land;
The crew with transport hear the welcome sound;
The ship glides on ward to the wish'd-for strand,
And the rough tars with exultation bound,

The ship *, once moor'd on Madagascar's shore,
Safe rides at anchor on each foaming wave;
The angry billows, with impetuous roar,
Her lab'ring sides in swelling fury lave.

The boat unlash'd th' adjacent shore to gain,
Receives the victims destin'd to the deep;
Their labours futile, all their struggles vain,
They sink at once to everlasting sleep.

Thus rashly perish'd in the prime of youth,
A heart to pure philanthropy inclin'd;
Of gentle manners, and unsullied truth,
Was form'd the basis of his noble mind.

* The Mountstuart.

One only passion sway'd his gen'rous soul,
And mark'd him a fit victim for despair ;
Rag'd in his breast, and, knowing no control,
Scowl'd on the calm it dar'd not hope to share.

No sainted grave, nor monumental stone,
A tribute to his hapless story bears ;
Save in that heart he doubted, which alone
Remembrance bathes with ever-flowing tears.

SONNET.

TO A FRIEND UNHAPPILY MARRIED.

FORM'D to subdue the most unfeeling heart,
And ev'ry bliss on this side Heav'n to prove,
Must Thou, too, feel the agonizing smart
Of black Ingratitude and perjur'd Love?

Too oft, alas! the fair, bewitching form
Conceals the base, the most abandon'd mind,
Beneath each fascinating pow'r to charm
That Nature's pencil artfully design'd.

But in my Friend the virtues all abound,
And lull the dang'rous passions into rest ;
Heav'n stamps its godlike image on the wound,
The blessed inmate of thy gentle breast.
Ah, happy union!—seldom do we see
Such rare perfection blended as in Thee!

MONODY
TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED AUNT,
THE LADY VISCOUNTESS GALWAY.

WHY strikes that doleful bell,
That messenger of woe?
It chills my blood, and bodes approaching grief!
Of a departed soul it is the knell,
And speaks the traveller's relief
From each disastrous pang we feel below.

But, ah! what hints my sad, prophetic mind?
Does it some new affliction find
To start my trembling tear?—
'Tis her, my best, my dearest friend!—
Has sorrow then, alas! no end,
That I am doom'd such worth to mourn,
From friends, relations, fame, and fortune, torn—
At the dread thought can Pity's self forbear?
Ye guardian saints, preside,
And bear her pure, unspotted soul to heaven!
'Tis Virtue's chastest image died,
And her own children weep the mandate given.

Ye houseless wanderers of th' unwholesome night,
Whose tatter'd garments speak
Your various wants, while streams the tear
Adown your pallid cheek!
Who now shall sooth your fix'd despair,
And guide your aching steps to realms of light?
Who now will raise with hopes your languid head?
Your Patroness is gone—your kindest Friend is dead!

Ye hapless victims of illicit love,
By Vice and Folly led
In one ill-fated hour
From the chaste joys of the connubial bed!
By the relentless pow'r
Necessity, compell'd to dress
In borrow'd smiles your face,
To meet the loath'd embrace,
And share th' abhorr'd caress!
No more a parent's fost'ring care to prove,
But by th' unfeeling, taunting world oppress,
No pity could you find—save in her gen'rous breast!

Around her hearse attend,
And let each sorrowing Muse
Pay the last tribute to departed Worth ;
Each guardian pow'r assistance lend,
And doubly consecrate the earth ;
Each wreath funereal choose ;
The cypress with the mournful willow bind,
And strangers' heart-felt tears proclaim her glorious mind !

While I, whose long-lost peace
No future hopes restore
To break Affliction's adamantine chain,
Still must my wayward days deplore,
Their fondest wishes vain ;
Still must, with poignant, bitter anguish, blend
The near Relation with the treach'rous Friend,
Till in the grave my heavy suff'rings cease !

In my deserted pilgrimage through life,
No cheerful moments wait
To sooth the horrors of domestic strife,
And curb heart-rending Fate ;

No change my tedious hours employ,
To give me transient joy ;
Last of her name *, the faded record bears
One witness in myself—I blot it out with tears !

* The Author, on the death of Lady Galway, became the last born of the name of
VILLA-REAL.

TO THE
EARL OF S-----.

The following Lines owe their Existence to the Author's having within a few Hours reperused a Letter from the Friend to whom they are addressed; in which Letter he has condescended to approve a late Publication.

WHILE on your smile the happiest works might raise
Their fondest boast, the labours of the Nine;
With tender friendship, and with partial praise,
You deign to view, and gently favour mine!

But, ah! meek Caution hears Reflection say,
“Pity, perhaps, the cause of Weakness pleads;
“And, like the Sun, illumines with equal ray
“The fairest flow’rets and the meanest weeds!”—

Yet praise is sweet—but sweetest, I confess,
When to its voice the Writer’s words impart
Such pow’rs to search the bosom’s deep recess,
As leave the eye, to penetrate the heart.

From the world’s clamours, and its tinsel joys,
My thoughts to this their dearest dream shall fly;
And, when awaken’d by intrusive noise,
Bid the sweet phantom farewell in a sigh!

Ah! frown not.—Reason knows she must not dare—

As far my hopes as my deserts above :

Then, unoffending, let me write the pray'r

Of humblest Friendship—not aspiring Love !

(Nor think that flatt'ry, when those truths are seen,

With a poor Outcast's language could accord)

Be all thy days unclouded and serene,

And even here thy virtues find reward!

SONNET.

ADDRESSED TO -----.

SELECTING from the sweetest flow'rs, the Bee
Roves, unrestrain'd, the perfum'd walks among ;
I cull Parnassus' giddy heights for thee,
Or sing thy praises in the love-sick song.

Sometimes, mayhap, in melancholy mood,
Contemplative, the desert paths I range ;
And watch the parting sun-beams o'er the wood,
The leafless branches, and autumnal change.

In my sad heart alone no change appears ;
Of ev'ry thought thy image is the end ;
I wander through a wilderness of tears,
Bereft of thee, and ev'ry earthly friend.
Will then my heavy suff'rings never cease,
But lies in death my only road to peace ?

TO
THE SAME.

LAST night, while far from all most dear
I pin'd in solitude and grief,
And bath'd my pillow with a tear,
As fervently I pray'd relief ;

My heavy eyes, half clos'd in sleep,
Saw Fancy's airy curtain spread
Its painted beauties round my head ;
I gaz'd—and ceas'd awhile to weep.

A form, adorn'd by ev'ry grace,
In my still dream at once appear'd ;
Borrow'd thy soul-expressive face,
And my sad heart with gladness cheer'd.

But soon I felt the dire mistake ;
The phantom fled my longing arms ;
I sigh'd, and found myself awake
To Misery and new alarms !

TO
THE SAME.

FULL many a year my grief-worn heart
Has murmur'd at its harsh decree,
And, wounded by Affliction's dart,
Has still sent up a pray'r for Thee.

While, unprotected and forlorn,
I wander'd o'er a stormy sea ;
From ev'ry friendly bosom torn,
My fond remembrance cherish'd Thee.

Lamenting o'er each fated year.
No ray of comfort could I see ;
But oft I've dropt the briny tear,
And long'd for happiness in Thee!

Perhaps, by Time and Chance restor'd,
My eyes once more may gaze on Thee ;
But how my fate will be deplor'd,
If then—you never think on me!

VERSES.

I'LL barter happiness for wealth ;
Divert my mind—recruit my health—
Smile at a mighty train of foes—
Suspense, the prince of human woes,
No more my timid soul beguiles ;
For through my tears I'll shew my smiles.

At length (though late, perhaps) I've found,
That Sorrow gives a deadly wound ;
And that the feeling, gen'rous heart
Plays on Life's stage the dullest part ;
Itself, and all its feelings, slaves
To fawning sycophants and knaves,
Who, wisely checking Nature's ties,
Laugh at the sound of Mis'ry's cries.

I never could Contentment find
Within the limits of my mind ;
For, when I courted the meek guest
To be the inmate of my breast,
And proffer'd all I had in store
To tempt her to forsake no more—
Renounc'd each giddy, flatt'ring joy,
And judg'd ev'n Wealth an useless toy—

Implor'd of her this only boon,
To chase my morning cloud at noon—
She still refus'd the humble pray'r,
And sent me back to fell Despair !

I fondly thought Contentment's bow'r
Sacred to Honour's sov'reign pow'r ;
And that the vicious mind alone
Was banish'd from her modest throne.
But, ah ! I feel the dire mistake,
And from the sweet illusion wake !
The heart, deprav'd by abject wiles,
Basks in the sunshine of her smiles :
Where Fortune's aid is not deny'd,
Contentment's share is soon supply'd ;
While the best lesson Art can give
Consists in knowing—how to live !

Farewell the philanthropic mind,
To Love and Honour, both, inclin'd !
Farewell the unsuspecting heart,
That bears in ev'ry pang a part !
For I, alas ! will build no more
My pleasures on a sinking shore ;
But, since the wayward world I've seen,
Be all—that I would not—have been !

CONSOLATORY SONNET

TO THE MRS. GOOCH:

BY ANTHONY PASQUIN, ESQ.

SIGH not, ELIZA—hear an adept teach
How Ruin o'er the globe her arrow flings;
The Tempest's surges lash the frowning beach,
And Care bethorns the diadem of Kings!

Succeeding int'rests each from each depart,
Love's silken fetters envious Time destroys,
Bids meaner passions triumph o'er the heart,
Subdues the impulse, and removes our joys.

Be, Nymph, *yourself*—disdain all human woes!

Knowing the issue common, be resign'd!
Sorrow may touch thy cheek, and dim its rose,
But cannot chase the Graces from your mind:
Then let each nerve that strings your system rest—
Lean on your God, and tranquillize your breast.

THE END.



